

Gold

by tastewithouttalent

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Summary: "Kageyama is always surprised by how much space Hinata manages to take up." Kageyama loses track of what he's saying. Hinata understands anyway. Part 4 of the Teamwork series. Sequel to Reassurance; followed by Invincible.

Gold

For someone so much smaller than himself, Kageyama is always surprised by how much space Hinata manages to take up. Maybe it's his brilliant orange hair that draws attention, or the fact that when he's excited (which is most of the time) he has a tendency to bounce on the balls of his feet until it seems like he's levitating with enthusiasm. It might be his blind focus on whatever he's thinking about, be it volleyball or food or Kageyama himself, that pulls everyone else's attention to him.

Or maybe it's just Kageyama that he has that effect on. Kageyama can't tell and recently can't find it in him to care, not when Hinata is happy to have him trailing in the smaller boy's wake, not when Hinata will point over his shoulder at Kageyama without even looking to be sure he's there. It's odd to have someone be so certain of him, but there's no part of Kageyama that minds even when he tries to be irritated.

Like right now. It would be easy to be irked with Hinata just at the moment; he's been talking nonstop for almost five minutes, with barely a breath for pause and steadily gaining in volume and shrillness as he goes on. But Kageyama is distracted by the way his hair is curling and catching at the collar of his shirt, at the way he flails his arms as he gets properly outraged, and when he thinks about being frustrated he realizes he's smiling instead without even thinking about it.

"Do you really think he doesn't like volleyball?" Hinata demands

for the fifth time in the last hour, spinning on his heel so Kageyama almost runs into him. For a breath they're too close, Kageyama's mouth is against Hinata's bright hair and Hinata's nose is bumping against Kageyama's shirt; then they both stumble backwards, which leaves them too far. Kageyama sees what's coming next, reaches out to grab Hinata's shoulder to hold him still and then steps in over the distance himself until they're at a reasonable remove. Of course, then his hand is against Hinata's shoulder, the other boy as warm through his jacket as the setting sun on Kageyama's hand, and he can't make himself move. They're out on the street but it's empty in this section and at this time, and they're almost back to Hinata's home anyway, and when Hinata tips his chin up to meet Kageyama's eyes the light catches on his eyelashes and turns them as golden as his eyes.

There's a pause while Kageyama realizes Hinata asked him something, another breath while he struggles to recall the question. "I don't know. He might."

"But how could you just stop liking volleyball?" Hinata makes it sound like a travesty, like an inhuman feat. He waves his arm wildly to underline his point, but just one; the shoulder under Kageyama's fingers stays perfectly still. "I like volleyball." His eyes are sparkling, snapping with energy and emotion and the fire Hinata always gets when he talks about or thinks of or plays volleyball. "You like volleyball."

It's not an argument - their preferences have no bearing on anyone else's - but Kageyama is agreeing anyway, nodding along with Hinata's statement, swept away on the shining gold of the boy in front of him. "Yeah. I like -"

He's just agreeing, he thinks, all he's doing is repeating back the words the other boy has handed him, but the phrase drops low with meaning in his throat, and his gaze flickers down to the expectant line of Hinata's mouth, and then he's gone again, lost like he's always a little lost around Hinata, and he's pulling the other boy in closer and leaning down to kiss him instead of finishing his sentence.

Hinata doesn't need persuading; as soon as Kageyama starts moving he is too, leaning in with his lips parting well in advance of any actual contact. Kageyama shuts his eyes but even then he can see gold, light radiating off Hinata and the street and the sky until he is half-blind even behind the technical darkness of his eyelids. Then Hinata sighs against his mouth, Hinata's tongue slides against his lips and Hinata's arms come up around his neck, and Kageyama forgets all about his sight under the sudden burn of his skin and the warm salt-sweet of Hinata's mouth.

He doesn't know how long they stand there. Hinata's fingers against his neck pull him down so they're on the same level, and his own hand shifts sideways up against the redhead's hair, and he's got a hold on Hinata's waist with his other though he doesn't remember the instinctive reach. When Hinata pulls away Kageyama does too, if a bit delayed by the haze of warmth coursing through him.

"I like you too," Hinata says, loud with the same enthusiasm he always shows when he's being sincere. His eyes are steady though his fingers are shaking with nerves against Kageyama's skin, and when he

bites his lip Kageyama has to lean in to kiss the tension out of him again.

It's not until later, after he's dropped Hinata off with another rushed kiss around the corner from his house and a promise to pick him up in the morning, that he realizes he never actually finished his sentence. He almost turns around before realizing that's ridiculous, that he needs to get home himself and that he has no excuse for needing to see Hinata so soon again anyway.

Besides, he's pretty sure he got the point across.

End  
file.